# MISS in her TEENS:

## OR, THE

## MEDLEY of LOVERS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# MISS in her TEENS:

OR, THE

# MEDLEY of LOVERS.

A

# F A R C E,

In TWO ACTS.

As it is perform'd at the

## Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

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The FIFTH EDITION.

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——— *penè puella Puer.*

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*L O N D O N:*

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[ Price One Shilling. ]

BRITISH MUSEUM

# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author takes this Opportunity to return the Public his Thanks for their ſo favourable Reception of the following Trifle; the Hint of which is taken from the *French*. Whether the Plot and Characters are alter'd for the better or worſe, may be ſeen by comparing it with *La Pariſienne* of *D'Ancourt*.

# PROLOGUE.

## WRITTEN by a FRIEND.

*TOO long has Farce, neglecting Nature's Laws,*
*Debas'd the Stage, and wrong'd the Comic Cauſe;*
*To raiſe a Laugh has been her ſole Pretence,*
*Tho' dearly purchas'd at the Price of Senſe;*
*This Child of Folly gain'd Increaſe with Time;*
*Fit for the Place ſucceeded* Pantomime;
*Reviv'd her Honours, join'd her motley Band,*
*And Song and low Conceit, o'er-ran the Land.*
*More gen'rous Views inform our Author's Breaſt,*
*From real Life his Characters are dreſt;*
*He ſeeks to trace the Paſſions of Mankind,*
*And while he ſpares the Perſon, paints the Mind.*
*In pleaſing Contraſt he attempts to ſhew*
*The vap'ring Bully, and the fribbling Beau,*
*Cowards alike, that full of Martial Airs,*
*And this as tender as the Silk he wears.*
*Proud to divert, not anxious for Renown,*
*Oft has the Bard eſſay'd to pleaſe the Town;*
*Your full Applauſe out-paid his little Art,*
*He boaſts no Merit, but a grateful Heart;*
*Pronounce your Doom, he'll patiently ſubmit,*
*Ye ſovereign Judges of all Works of Wit!*
*To you the Ore is brought, a lifeleſs Maſs,*
*You give the Stamp, and then the Coin may paſs.*

*Now*

# PROLOGUE.

*Now whether Judgment prompt you to forgive,*
*Whether you bid this trifling Offspring live,*
*Or with a Frown ſhould ſend the ſickly Thing*
*To ſleep whole Ages under Dulneſs' Wing;*
*To your known Candour we will always truſt.*
*You never were, nor can you be unjuſt.*

Dramatis

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## MEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Sir* Simon Loveit, | Mr. *Taſwell.* |
| *Captain* Loveit, | Mr. *Havard.* |
| Fribble, | Mr. *Garrick.* |
| Flaſh, | Mr. *Woodward.* |
| Puff, | Mr. *Yates.* |
| Jaſper, | Mr. *Blakes.* |

## WOMEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Miſs* Biddy, | Mrs. *Green.* |
| Aunt, | Mrs. *Croſs.* |
| Tag, | Mrs. *Clive.* |

MISS

# MISS in her TEENS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### SCENE, *A STREET.*

*Enter Captain* LOVEIT *and* PUFF.

*CAPTAIN.*

THIS is the Place we were directed to; and now, *Puff*, if I can get no Intelligence of her, what will become of me.

*Puff.* And me too, Sir—You muſt conſider I am a marry'd Man, and can't bear Fatigue as I have done.——But pray, Sir, why did you leave the Army ſo abruptly, and not give me time to fill my Knapſack with common Neceſſaries? Half a Dozen Shirts, and your Regimentals are my whole Cargo.

*Capt.* I was wild to get away, and as ſoon as I obtained my Leave of Abſence, I thought every Moment an Age till I return'd to the Place where I firſt ſaw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching Creature.——

*Puff.* With fifteen thouſand Pounds for her Fortune——Strong Motives, I muſt confeſs.——And now, Sir, as you are pleaſed to ſay you muſt depend upon my Care and Abilities in this Affair, I think I have a juſt Right to be acquainted with the Particulars of your Paſſion, that I may be the better enabled to ſerve you.

*Capt.* You ſhall have 'em.——When I left the Univerſity, which is now ſeven Months ſince, my Father, who loves his Money better than his Son, and would not ſettle a Farthing upon me——

*Puff.* Mine did ſo by me, Sir——

*Capt.* Purchas'd me a Pair of Colours at my own Requeſt; but before I join'd the Regiment, which was going abroad, I took a Ramble into the Country with a Fellow-Collegian, to ſee a Relation of his who liv'd in *Berkſhire.*——

*Puff.* ——A Party of Pleaſure, I ſuppoſe.

*Capt.* During a ſhort Stay there, I came acquainted with this young Creature; ſhe was juſt come from the Boarding-School, and tho' ſhe had all the Simplicity of her Age and the Country, yet it was mix'd with ſuch ſenſible Vivacity, that I took Fire at once.———

*Puff.* I was Tinder myſelf at your Age. But pray, Sir, did you take fire before you knew of her Fortune.

*Capt.* Before, upon my Honour.

*Puff.* Folly and Conſtitution—But on, Sir.

*Capt.* I was introduced to the Family by the Name of *Rhodophil*, (for ſo my Companion and I had ſettled it;) at the End of three Weeks I was obliged to attend the Call of Honour in *Flanders.*

*Puff.* Your parting, to be ſure was heart-breaking.

*Capt.* I feel it at this Inſtant.———We vow'd eternal Conſtancy, and I promis'd to take the firſt Opportunity of returning to her: I did ſo, but we found

found the Houſe was ſhut up, and all the Information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring Cottage was, that Miſs and her Aunt were remov'd to Town, and liv'd ſomewhere near this Part of it.

*Puff.* And now we are got to the Place of Action, propoſe your Plan of Operation.

*Capt.* My Father lives but in the next Street, ſo I muſt decamp immediately for fear of Diſcoveries; you are not known to be my Servant, ſo make what Inquiries you can in the Neighbourhood, and I ſhall wait at the Inn for your Intelligence.

*Puff.* I'll patroll hereabouts, and examine all that paſs; but I've forgot the Word, Sir—Miſs *Biddy*—

*Capt. Bellair.*———

*Puff.* A young Lady of Wit, Beauty, and Fifteen thouſand Pounds Fortune——but Sir———

*Capt.* What do you ſay, *Puff?*

*Puff.* If your Honour pleaſes to conſider that I had a Wife in Town whom I left ſomewhat abruptly half a Year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent to make ſome Enquiry after her firſt; to be ſure it would be ſome ſmall Conſolation to me to know whether the poor Woman is living, or has made away with herſelf, or———

*Capt.* Pr'ythee don't diſtract me; a Moment's Delay is of the utmoſt Conſequence; I muſt inſiſt upon an immediate Compliance with my Commands.

[*Exit* Captain.

*Puff.* The Devil's in theſe fiery young Fellows! they think of no body's Wants but their own. He does not conſider that I am Fleſh and Blood as well as himſelf. However I may kill two Birds at once; for I ſhan't be ſurprized if I meet my Lady walking the Streets———But who have we here? Sure I ſhould know that Face.

*Enter* Jaſper *from a Houſe.*

Who's that? my old Acquaintance *Jaſper?*

*Jaſper.* What, *Puff!* are you here?

*Puff.* My dear Friend! [*Kiſſes him.*] Well, and now *Jaſper*, ſtill eaſy and happy! *Toujours le même!* —What Intrigues now? What Girls have you ruin'd, and what Cuckolds made, ſince you and I uſed to beat up together, Eh?

*Jaſper.* Faith, Buſineſs has been very brisk during the War; Men are ſcarce, you know; not that I can ſay I ever wanted Amuſement in the worſt of Times——But harkye, *Puff*——

*Puff.* Not a Word aloud, I am *incognito.*

*Jaſper.* Why Faith, I ſhould not have known you, if you had not ſpoke firſt; you ſeem to be a little *diſhabille* too, as well as *incognito.* Whom do you honour with your Service now? Are you from the Wars?

*Puff.* Piping hot, I aſſure you; Fire and Smoke will tarniſh; a Man that will go into ſuch Service as I have been in, will find his Cloths the worſe for wear, take my word for it: But how is it with you, Friend *Jaſper?* What, you ſtill ſerve, I ſee? You live at that houſe I ſuppoſe?

*Jaſper.* I don't abſolutely live, but I am moſt of my Time there; I have within theſe two Months enter'd into the Service of an old Gentleman, who hired a reputable Servant, and dreſſed him as you ſee, becauſe he has taken it into his Head to fall in Love.

*Puff.* Falſe Appetite and ſecond Childhood! But pr'ythee, what's the Object of his Paſſion?

*Jaſper.* No leſs than a Virgin of Sixteen, I aſſure you.

*Puff.* Oh, the toothleſs old Dotard!

*Jaſper.*

*Jaſper.* And he mumbles and plays with her till his Mouth waters; then he chuckles till he cries, and calls it his *Bid*, and his *Bidſy*, and is ſo fooliſhly fond——

*Puff. Bidſy!* What's that?——

*Jaſper.* ——Her Name is *Biddy.*

*Puff. Biddy!* What Miſs *Biddy Bellair?*

*Jaſper.* —The ſame——

*Puff.* I have no Luck, to be ſure. [*Aſide*] —— Oh! I have heard of her; ſhe's of a pretty good Family, and has ſome Fortune, I know. But are things ſettled? Is the Marriage fix'd?

*Jaſper.* Not abſolutely; the Girl, I believe, deteſts him; but her Aunt, a very good prudent old Lady, has given her Conſent, if he can gain her Neice's; how it will end I can't tell—but I am hot upon't myſelf.

*Puff.* —The Devil! not Marriage, I hope.

*Jaſper.* That is not yet determined.

*Puff.* Who is the Lady, pray?

*Jaſper.* A Maid in the ſame Family, a Woman of Honour, I aſſure you; She has one Husband already, a ſcoundrel ſort of a Fellow that has run away from her, and liſted for a Soldier; ſo towards the End of the Campaign ſhe hopes to have a Certificate he's knock'd o' th' Head; if not, I ſuppoſe, we ſhall ſettle Matters another away.

*Puff.* Well, ſpeed the Plough.——But harkye, conſummate without the Certificate if you can—— keep your Neck out of the Collar—do—I have wore it thoſe two Years, and damnably gall'd I am.——

*Jaſper.* I'll take your Advice; but I muſt run away to my Maſter, who will be impatient for an Anſwer to his Meſſage which I have juſt deliver'd to the young Lady; ſo, dear Mr. *Puff*, I am your moſt obedient humble Servant.

*Puff.* And I muſt to our Agent's for my Arrears: If you have an Hour to ſpare, you'll hear of me

at *George*'s or the *Tilt-Yard*———*Au Revior*, as we ſay abroad. [*Exit* Jaſper.] Thus we are as civil and as falſe as our Betters; *Jaſper* and I were always the *Beau Monde* exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always kiſs and ſhake Hands ——But now to my Maſter with a Head full of News, and a Heart full of Joy [*Going, ſtarts.*

*Angels, and Miniſters of Grace, defend me!*

It can't be! by Heav'ns, it is, that fretful Porcupine, my Wife! I can't ſtand it; what ſhall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

*Enter* Tag.

*Tag.* It muſt be he! I'll ſwear to the Rogue at a Mile's diſtance; he either has not ſeen me, or won't know me; if I can keep my Temper I'll try him farther.

*Puff.* I ſweat—I tremble—She comes upon me!

*Tag.* Pray, good Sir, if I may be ſo bold——

*Puff.* I have nothing for you, good Woman, don't trouble me.

*Tag.* If your Honour pleaſes to look this Way—

*Puff.* The Kingdom is over-run with Beggars; I ſuppoſe the laſt I gave to has ſent this; but I have no more looſe Silver about me; ſo pr'ythee, Woman, don't diſturb me.

*Tag.* I can hold no longer; oh you Villain, you! Where have you been, Scoundrel? Do you know me now, Varlet? [*Seizes him.*

*Puff.* Here, Watch, Watch, Zounds I ſhall have my Pockets pick'd.

*Tag.* Own me this Minute, Hang-dog, and confeſs every thing, or by the Rage of an injured Woman, I'll raiſe the Neighbourhood, throttle you, and ſend you to *Newgate*.

*Puff.* Amazement! what, my own dear *Tag!* Come to my Arms, and let me preſs you to my Heart,

Heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful Wife.——Now my Stars have over-paid me for the Fatigue and Dangers of the Field; I have wandered about like *Achilles* in ſearch of faithful *Penelope*, and the Gods have brought me to this happy Spot. [*Embraces her.*

*Tag.* The Fellow's crack'd for certain! Leave your bombaſtick Stuff, and tell me, Raſcal, why you left me, and where you have been theſe Six Months, heh?

*Puff.* We'll reſerve my Adventures for our happy Winter Evenings——I ſhall only tell you now, that my Heart beat ſo ſtrong in my Country's Cauſe, and being inſtigated either by Honour or the Devil, (I can't tell which) I ſet out for *Flanders*, to gather Laurels, and lay 'em at thy Feet.

*Tag.* You left me to ſtarve, Villain, and beg my Bread, you did ſo.

*Puff.* I left you too haſtily I muſt confeſs, and and often has my Conſcience ſtung me for it.——— I am got into an Officer's Service, have been in ſeveral Actions, gain'd ſome Credit by my Behaviour, and am now return'd with my Maſter to indulge the genteeler Paſſions.

*Tag.* Don't think to fob me off with this nonſenſical Talk; what have you brought me home beſides?

*Puff.* Honour, and immoderate Love.

*Tag.* I could tear your Eyes out.

*Puff.* Temperance, or I walk off.

*Tag.* Temperance, Traitor, Temperance! What can you ſay for yourſelf; Leave me to the wide World———

*Puff.* Well I have been in the wide World too, han't I? What would the Woman have?

*Tag.* Reduce me to the Neceſſity of going to Service. [*Cries.*

*Puff.* Why, I'm in Service too, your Lord and Maſter an't I, you ſaucy Jade, you? —Come, where doſt live, hereabouts? Haſt got good Vails? Doſt go to Market? Come, give me a Kiſs, Darling, and tell me where I ſhall pay my Duty to thee.

*Tag.* Why there I live at that Houſe.

[*Pointing to the Houſe* Jaſper *came out of.*

*Puff.* What, there? that houſe?

*Tag.* Yes, there that Houſe.

*Puff.* Huzza! We're made for ever, you Slut you! Huzza! Every thing conſpires this Day to make me happy—Prepare for an Inundation of Joy! My Maſter is in love with your Miſs *Biddy* over Head and Ears, and ſhe with him: I know ſhe is courted by ſome old Fumbler, and her Aunt is not againſt the Match; but now we are come the Town will be reliev'd, and the Governor brought over; in plain *Engliſh*, our Fortune is made; my Maſter muſt marry the Lady, and the old Gentleman may go to the Devil.

*Tag.* Heyday! what's all this?

*Puff.* Say no more, the Dice are thrown, Doublets for us; away to your young Miſtreſs, while I run to my Maſter, tell her *Rodophil! Rodophil!* will be with her immediately; then if her Blood does not mount to her Face like Quickſilver in a Weather-glaſs, and point to extreme hot believe the whole a Lye, and your Husband no Politician.

*Tag.* This is News, indeed! I have had the Place but a little while, and have not quite got into the Secrets of the Family; but part of your Story is true, and if your bring your Maſter, and Miſs is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old Folks.

*Puff.* I'll about it ſtreight!——— but hold, *Tag*, I had forgot———Pray how does Mr. *Jaſper* do?

*Tag.* Mr. *Jaſper!*—What do you mean? I—I—I—

*Puff.*

*Puff.* What, out of Countenance, Child? Oh fy! Speak plain, my Dear———And the Certificate, when comes that heh, Love?

*Tag.* He has ſold himſelf and turn'd Conjurer, or he could never have known it. [*Aſide.*

*Puff.* Are not you a Jade? —Are not you a Jezebel?———Arn't you a———

*Tag.* O ho, Temperance? or I walk off———

*Puff.* I know I am not finiſh'd yet, and ſo I am eaſy, but more Thanks to my Fortune than your Virtue, Madam.

*Aunt.* [*within*] *Tag, Tag,* where are you *Tag?*

*Tag.* Coming Madam.———My old Lady calls; away to your Maſter, and I'll prepare his Reception within.

*Puff.* Shall I bring the Certificate with me? [*Exit.*

*Tag.* Go, you graceleſs Rogue, you richly deſerve it. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

*Enter* Aunt *and* Tag.

*Aunt.* Who was that Man you were talking to, *Tag?*

*Tag.* A Couſin of mine, Madam, that brought me ſome News from my Aunt in the Country.

*Aunt.* Where's my Neice? Why are not you with her?

*Tag.* She bid me leave her alone———She's ſo melancholy, Madam, I don't know what's come to her of late———

*Aunt.* The Thoughtfulneſs that is natural upon the Approach of Matrimony, generally occaſions a decent Concern.

*Tag.* And do you think Madam, a Husband of threeſcore and five———

*Aunt.*

*Aunt.* Hold, *Tag*, he proteſts to me he is but five and Fifty.

*Tag.* He is a Rogue, Madam, and an old Rogue, which is the worſt of Rogues.——

*Aunt.* Alaſs! Youth or Age, 'tis all one to her; ſhe is all Simplicity without Experience: I would not force her Inclinations, but ſhe's ſo innocent ſhe won't know the Difference——

*Tag.* Innocent! n'ere truſt to that, Madam; I was innocent myſelf once, but *live and learn* is an old Saying, and a true one:——I believe, Madam, no Body is more innocent than yourſelf, and a good Maid you are to be ſure; but tho' you really don't *know* the Difference, yet you can *fancy it* I warrant you.

*Aunt.* I ſhould prefer a large Jointure to a ſmall one, and that's all; but it's impoſſible that *Biddy* ſhould have Deſires, ſhe's but newly come out of the Country, and juſt turn'd of Sixteen.

*Tag.* That's a tickliſh Age, Madam! I have obſerv'd ſhe does not eat, nor ſhe does not ſleep; ſhe ſighs and ſhe cries, and ſhe loves Moon-light; theſe, I take it, are very ſtrong Symptoms.

*Aunt.* They are very unaccountable, I muſt confeſs; but you talk from a deprav'd Mind, *Tag*; her's is ſimple and untainted.

*Tag.* Sh'll make him a Cuckold tho' for all that, if you force her to marry him.

*Aunt.* You ſhock me, *Tag*, with your coarſe Expreſſions; I tell you, her Chaſtity will be her Guard, let her Husband be what he will.

*Tag.* Chaſtity? Never truſt to that, Madam; get her a Husband that's fit for her, and I'll be bound for her Virtue; but with ſuch a one as Sir *Simon*, I'm a Rogue if I'd anſwer for my own.

*Aunt.* Well, *Tag*, the Child ſhall never have Reaſon to repent of my Severity; I was going before to my Lawyer's to ſpeak about the Articles of Mar-

riage,

riage, I will now put a Stop to 'em for ſome time, till we can make farther Diſcoveries.

*Tag.* Heav'n will bleſs you for your Goodneſs; look where the poor Bird comes, quite mop'd and melancholy; I'll ſet my Pump to work, and draw ſomething from her before you Return, I warrant you. [*Exit* Aunt.] There goes a Miracle; ſhe has neither Pride, Envy, or Ill-nature, and yet is near Sixty, and a Virgin.

*Enter* Biddy.

*Biddy.* How unfortunate a poor Girl am I! dare not tell my Secrets to any body, and if I don't I'm undone—Heigho! [*Sighs*] Pray *Tag*, is my Aunt gone to her Lawyer about me? Heigho!

*Tag.* What's that Sigh for, my dear young Miſtreſs?

*Biddy.* I did not ſigh, not I——[*Sighs.*]

*Tag.* Nay never gulp 'em down, they are the worſt things you can ſwallow. There's ſomething in that little Heart of yours, that ſwells it and puffs it, and will burſt it at laſt, if you don't give it Vent.

*Biddy.* What would you have me tell you? [*Sighs.*]

*Tag.* Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you, but you had as good ſpeak, I may do you ſome Service you little think of.

*Biddy.* It is not in your Power, *Tag*, to give me what I want. [*Sighs.*]

*Tag.* Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it; as for Example——If you ſhould not like to marry the old Man your Aunt deſigns for you, one may find a Way to break——

*Biddy.* His Neck, *Tag.*

*Tag.*

*Tag.* Or the Match; either will do, Child.

*Biddy.* I don't care which indeed, ſo I was clear of him ———I don't think I'm fit to be marry'd.

*Tag.* To him you mean——You have no Objection to Marriage, but the Man, and I applaud you for it: But come, Courage, Miſs, never keep it in; out with it all——

*Biddy.* If you'll ask me any Queſtions, I'll anſwer 'em, but I can't tell you any thing of myſelf, I ſhall bluſh if I do.

*Tag.* Well then——In the firſt Place pray tell me, Miſs *Biddy Bellair*, if you don't like ſomebody better than old Sir *Simon Loveit?*

*Biddy.* Heigho!

*Tag* What's Heigho, Miſs?

*Biddy* When I ſay Heigho! it means yes.

*Tag.* Very well; and this Somebody is a young, handſome Fellow;

*Biddy.* Heigho!

*Tag.* And if you were once his, you'd be as merry as the beſt of us?

*Biddy.* Heigho!

*Tag.* So far ſo good; and ſince I have got you to wet your Feet, ſouſe over Head at once, and the Pain will be over.

*Biddy.* There——then. [*A long Sigh.*] Now help me out, *Tag*, a faſt as you can.

*Tag.* When did you hear from your Gallant?

*Biddy.* Never ſince he went to the Army.

*Tag.* How ſo?

*Biddy.* I was afraid the Letters would fall into my Aunt's Hands, ſo I would not let him write to me; but I had a better Reaſon then.

*Tag.* Pray let's hear that too.

*Biddy.* Why, I thought if I ſhould write to him and promiſe him to love no body elſe, and ſhould afterwards

afterwards change my Mind, he might think I was inconſtant, and call me a Coquette.

*Tag.* What a ſimple Innocent it is! [*Aſide.*] And have you have chang'd your Mind, Miſs?

*Biddy.* No indeed, *Tag*, I love him the beſt of any of 'em.

*Tag.* Of any of 'em! Why, have you any more?

*Biddy.* Pray don't ask me.

*Tag.* Nay, Miſs, if yon only truſt me by halves, you can't expect——

*Biddy.* I will truſt you with every thing.——— When I parted with him, I grew melancholy; ſo in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he returns again.

*Tag.* Is that all, my Dear? Mighty ſimple, indeed. [*Aſide.*

*Biddy.* One of 'em is a fine bluſt'ring Man, and is call'd Captain *Flaſh*; he's always talking of Fighting, and Wars; he thinks he's ſure of me, but I ſhall baulk him; we ſhall ſee him this Afternoon, for he preſs'd ſtrongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my Aunt's taking her Afternoon's Nap.

*Tag.* And who is the other, pray?

*Biddy.* Quite another ſort of a Man, he ſpeaks like a Lady for all the World, and never ſwears as Mr. *Flaſh* does, but wears nice white Gloves, and tells me what Ribbons become my Complexion, where to ſtick my Patches, who is the beſt Millener, where they ſell the beſt Tea, and which is the beſt Waſh for the Face, and the beſt Paſte for the Hands; he is always playing with my Fan, and ſhewing his Teeth, and whenever I ſpeak he pats me——ſo——and cries, *The Devil take me, Miſs* Biddy, *but you'l be my Perdition*———Ha, ha, ha!

*Tag.*

*Tag.* Oh the pretty Creature! And what do you call him, pray?

*Biddy.* His Name's *Fribble*; you ſhall ſee him too, for by Miſtake I appointed 'em at the ſame Time; but you muſt help me out with 'em.

*Tag.* And ſuppoſe your Favourite ſhould come too——

*Biddy.* I ſhould not care what became of the others.

*Tag.* What's his Name?

*Biddy.* It begins with an *R——h——o——*

*Tag.* I'll be hang'd if it is not *Rhodophil.*

*Biddy.* I am frighten'd at you! You are a Witch, *Tag!*

*Tag.* I am ſo, and I can tell your Fortune too. Look me in the Face. The Gentleman you love moſt in the World will be at our Houſe this Afternoon; he arriv'd from the Army this Morning, and dies till he ſees you.

*Biddy.* Is he come *Tag?* Don't joke with me—

*Tag.* Not to keep you longer in Suſpence, you muſt know the Servant of your *Strephon*, by ſome unaccountable Fate or other, is my Lord and Maſter; he has juſt been with me, told me of his Maſter's Arrival and Impatience——

*Biddy.* Oh my dear, dear *Tag*, you have put me out of my Wits—I am all over in a Flutter.—I ſhall leap out of my Skin—I don't know what to do with myſelf—Is he come, *Tag?*—I am ready to faint—I'd give the World I had put on my Pink and Silver Robings to-day.

*Tag.* I aſſure you, Miſs, you look charmingly!

*Biddy.* Do I indeed tho'? I'll put a little Patch under my left Eye, and powder my Hair immediately.

*Tag.* We'll go to Dinner firſt, and then I'll aſſiſt you.

*Biddy.*

*Biddy.* Dinner! I can't eat a Morſel——I don't know what's the matter with me—my Ears tingle, my Heart beats, my Face fluſhes, and I temble every Joint orf me——I muſt run in and look at myſelf in the Glaſs this Moment.

*Tag.* Yes, ſhe has it, and deeply too; this is no Hypocriſy——

Not Art, but Nature now performs her Part.
And every Word's the Language of the Heart.

*End of the Firſt Act.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### SCENE *continues.*

*Enter Captain* Loveit, Biddy, Tag, *and* Puff.

*Capt.* TO find you ſtilll conſtant, and to arrive at ſuch a critical Juncture, is the Height of Fortune and Happineſs.

*Biddy.* Nothing ſhall force me from you; and if I am ſecure of your Affections——

*Puff.* I'll be bound for him, Madam, and give you any Security you can ask.

*Tag.* Every thing goes on to our Wiſh, Sir, I juſt now had a ſecond Conference with my old Lady, and ſhe was ſo convinced by my Arguments, that ſhe return'd inſtantly to the Lawyer to forbid the drawing out of any Writings at all, and ſhe is determin'd never to thwart Miſs's Inclinations, and left it to us to give the old Gentleman his Diſcharge at the next Viſit.

*Capt.* Shall I undertake the old Dragon?

*Tag.* If we have Occaſion for Help, we ſhall call for you.

*Biddy.* I expect him every Moment, therefore I'll tell you what, *Rhodophil*, you and your Man ſhall be lock'd up in my Bed-chamber till we have ſettled Matters with the old Gentleman.

*Capt.* Do what you pleaſe with me.

*Biddy.*

*Biddy.* You muſt not be impatient tho'.

*Capt.* I can undergo any thing with ſuch a Reward in view, one Kiſs and I'll be quite reſign'd—and now ſhew me the Way. [*Exeunt.*

*Tag.* Come, Sirrah, when I have got you under Lock and Key, I ſhall bring you to Reaſon.

*Puff.* Are your Wedding-clothes ready, my Dove? the Certificate's come.

*Tag.* Go follow you Captain, Sirrah—march—You may thank Heav'n I had Patience to ſtay ſo long. [*Exeunt* Tag *and* Puff.

*Enter* Biddy.

*Biddy.* I was very much alarm'd for fear my two Gallants ſhould come in upon us unawares; we ſhould have had ſad Work if they had; I find I love *Rhodophil* vaſtly, for tho' my other Sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the Thoughts of 'em now——— I have Buſineſs upon my Hands enough to turn my little Head; but egad my Heart's good, and a Fig for Dangers———let me ſee, what ſhall I do with my two Gallants? I muſt, at leaſt, part with 'em decently; ſuppoſe I ſet 'em together by the Ears?—The luckieſt Thought in the World! For if they won't quarrel (as I believe they won't) I can break with them for Cowards, and very juſtly diſmiſs 'em my Service; and if they will fight, and one of 'em ſhould be kill'd, the other will certainly be hang'd, or run away; and ſo I ſhall very handſomely get rid of both ——I am glad I have ſettled it ſo purely.

*Enter* Tag.

Well, *Tag*, are they ſafe?

*Tag.* I think ſo, the Door's double-locked, and I have the Key in my Pocket.

*Biddy.* That's pure; but have you given them any thing to divert 'em?

*Tag.* I have given the Captain one of your old Gloves to mumble; but my *Strephon* is diverting himſelf with the more ſubſtantial Comforts of a cold Ven'ſon Paſty.

*Biddy.* What ſhall we do with the next that comes?

*Tag.* If Mr. *Fribble* comes firſt, I'll clap him up into my Lady's Store-Room; I ſuppoſe he is a great Maker of Marmalade himſelf, and will have an Opportunity of making ſome critical Remarks upon our Paſtry and Sweetmeats.

*Biddy.* When one of 'em comes do you go and watch for the other, and as ſoon as you ſee him, run in to us and pretend it is my Aunt, and ſo we ſhall have an Excuſe to lock him up till we want him.

*Tag.* You may depend upon me; here is one of 'em.——

*Enter* Fribble.

*Biddy.* Mr. *Fribble*, your Servant——

*Frib.* Miſs *Biddy*, your Slave——I hope I have not come upon you abruptly; I ſhould have waited upon you ſooner, but an Accident happen'd that diſcompos'd me ſo, that I was oblig'd to go home again to take Drops.

*Biddy.* Indeed you don't look well, Sir.—— Go, *Tag*, and do as I bid you.

*Tag.* I will, Madam. [*Exit.*

*Biddy.* I have ſet my Maid to watch my Aunt, that we mayn't be ſurpris'd by her.

*Frib.* Your Prudence is equal to your Beauty, Miſs, and I hope your permitting me to kiſs your Hands,

Hands, will be no Impeachment to your Underſtanding.

*Biddy.* I hate the Sight of him. [*Aſide*] I was afraid I ſhould not have had the Pleaſure of ſeeing you; pray let me know what Accident you met with, and what's the matter with your Hand? I ſhan't be eaſy till I know.

*Frib.* Well, I vow, Miſs *Biddy*, you're a good *Creeter*,——I'll endeavour to muſter up what little Spirits I have, and tell you the whole Affair ——Hem!——But firſt you muſt give me leave to make you a Preſent of a ſmall Pot of my Lip-ſalve; My Servant made it this Morning—— the Ingredients are innocent, I aſſure you; nothing but the beſt Virgin-wax, Conſerve of Roſes, and Lilly of the Valley Water.

*Biddy.* I thank you, Sir, but my Lips are generally red, and when they an't, I bite 'em.

*Frib.* I bite my own, ſometimes, to pout 'em a little, but this will give them a Softneſs, Colour, and an agreeable *Moiſter.*——Thus let me make an humble Offering at that Shrine, where I have already ſacrificed my Heart.

[*Kneels and gives the Pot.*

*Biddy.* Upon my Word that's very prettily expreſs'd; you are poſitively the beſt Company in the World——I wiſh he was out of the Houſe. [*Aſide.*

*Frib.* But to return to my Accident, and the Reaſon why my Hand is in this Condition— I beg you'll excuſe the Appearance of it, and be ſatisfy'd that nothing but mere Neceſſity could have forc'd me to appear thus muffled before you.

*Biddy.* I am very willing to excuſe any Misfortune that happens to you, Sir. [*Curtſies.*

*Frib.* You are vaſtly good, indeed,——thus it was——Hem!——You muſt know, Miſs, there is not an Animal in the Creation I have ſo great an Averſion to, as thoſe Hackney-coach Fellows——As I was coming out of my Lodgings,——Says one of 'em to me, *Would your Honour have a Coach?*——No, Man, ſaid I, not now (with all the Civility imaginable)——*I'll carry you and your Doll too*, (ſaid he) *Miſs* Margery, *for the ſame Price.*——Upon which the maſculine Beaſts about us fell a laughing; then I turn'd round in a great Paſſion, curſe me, (ſays I) Fellow, but I'll trounce thee.——And, and as I was holding out my Hand in a threatning *Poſter*——thus;——he makes a Cut at me with his Whip, and ſtriking me over the Nail of my little Finger, it gave me ſuch exquiſite *Torter* that I fainted away; and while I was in this Condition, the Mob pick'd my Pocket of my Purſe, my Sciſſars, my *Mocco* Smelling-Bottle, and my Huſwife?

*Biddy.* I ſhall laugh in his Face. [*Aſide.*] I am afraid you are in great Pain; pray ſit down Mr. *Fribble*, but I hope your Hand is in no Danger.

[*They ſit.*

*Frib.* Not in the leaſt, Maam; pray don't be apprehenſive—A Milk-poultice, and a gentle Sweat To-night, with a little Manna in the Morning, I am confident, will relieve me entirely.

*Biddy.* But pray, Mr. *Fribble*, do you make uſe of a Huſwife?

*Frib.* I can't do without it, Maam; there is a Club of us, all young Batchelors, the ſweeteſt Society in the World; and we meet three times a Week at each others Lodgings, where we drink Tea, hear the Chat of the Day, invent Faſhions for the Ladies, make Models of 'em, and cut out Patterns in Paper. We were the firſt Inventors of Knotting, and

and this Fringe is the original Produce and joint Labour of our little Community.

*Biddy.* And who are your pretty Set, pray?

*Frib.* There's *Phil Whiffle*, *Jacky Wagtail*, my Lord *Trip*, *Billy Dimple*, Sir *Dilbery Diddle*, and your humble———

*Biddy.* What a ſweet Collection of happy Creatures!

*Frib.* Indeed and ſo we are, Miſs,———But a prodigious *Fracas* diſconcerted us ſome time ago at *Billy Dimple*'s———three drunken naughty Women of the Town burſt into our Club-room, curſt us all, threw down the China, broke ſix Looking-glaſſes, ſcalded us with the Slop-Baſon, and *ſcrat* poor *Phil Wiffle*'s Cheek in ſuch a manner, that he has kept his Bed theſe three Weeks.

*Biddy.* Indeed, Mr. *Frible*, I think all our Sex have great Reaſon to be angry; for if you are ſo happy now you are Batchelors, the Ladies may wiſh and ſigh to very little purpoſe.

*Frib.* You are miſtaken, I aſſure you; I am prodigiouſly rallied about my Paſſion for you, I can tell you that, and am look'd upon as loſt to our Society already; He, he, he!

*Biddy.* Pray, Mr. *Fribble*, now you have gone ſo far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intended to uſe the Lady who ſhall be honour'd with your Affections?

*Frib.* Not as moſt other Wives are uſed, I aſſure you; all the domeſtick Buſineſs will be taken off her Hands; I ſhall make the Tea, comb the Dogs, and dreſs the Children myſelf; ſo that tho' I'm a Commoner, Mrs. *Fribble* will lead the Life of a Woman of Quality; for ſhe will have nothing to do, but lie in Bed, play at Cards, and ſcold the Servants.

*Biddy.* What a happy Creature ſhe muſt be!

*Frib.* Do you really think ſo? Then pray let me have a little *ſerous* Talk with you.——Tho' my Paſſion is not of a long ſtanding, I hope the Sincerity of my Intentions——

*Biddy.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Frib* Go, you wild thing. [*Pats her.*] The Devil take me but there is no talking to you.—— How can you uſe me in this barbarous manner! If I had the Conſtitution of an Alderman it would ſink under my Sufferings.——*hooman nater* can't ſupport it.——

*Biddy.* Why, what would you do with me, Mr. *Fribble?*

*Frib.* Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk ſo —Don't look at me in that manner——Fleſh and Blood can't bear it——I could——but I won't grow indecent——

*Biddy* But pray, Sir, where are the Verſes you were to write upon me? I find if a young Lady depends too much upon ſuch fine Gentlemen as you, ſhe'll certainly be diſappointed.

*Frib.* I vow, the Fluttter I was put into this Afternoon has quite turn'd my Senſes——here they are tho'——and I believe you'll like 'em.——

*Biddy.* There can be no doubt of it.

[*Curtſeys.*

*Frib* I proteſt, Miſs, I don't like that Curtſy —Look at me, and always riſe in this manner. [*Shews her.*] But, my dear *Creteer*, who put on your Cap to-day? They have made a Fright of you, and it is as yellow as old Lady *Crowfoot*'s Neck. ——When we are ſettled, I'll dreſs your Heads myſelf.

*Biddy.* Pray read the Verſes to me, Mr. *Fribble.*

*Frib.*

*Frib.* I obey——Hem!——*William Fribble*, Eſq; to Miſs *Biddy Bellair*——greeting.

*No Ice ſo hard, ſo cold as I,*
*'Till warm'd and ſoften'd by your Eye;*
*And now my Heart diſſolves away*
*In Dreams by Night, in Sighs by Day;*
*No brutal Paſſion fires my Breaſt,*
*Which loaths the Object when poſſeſs'd;*
*But one of harmleſs, gentle Kind,*
*Whoſe Joys are center'd—in the Mind;*
*Then take with me, Love's better Part,*
*His downy Wing, but not his Dart.*

How do you like 'em?

*Biddy.* Ha, ha, ha! I ſwear they are very pretty——but I don' quite underſtand 'em.

*Frib.* Theſe light Pieces are never ſo well underſtood in Reading as Singing; I have ſet 'em myſelf, and will endeavour to give 'em you *La—la*—I have an abominable Cold, and can't ſing a Note; however the Tune's nothing, the Manner's all.

*No Ice ſo* hard, &c. [Sings.]

*Enter* Tag, *running.*

*Tag.* Your Aunt, your Aunt, your Aunt, Madam!

*Frib.* What's the matter?

*Biddy.* Hide, hide Mr. *Fribble*, *Tag*, or we are ruin'd.

*Frib.* Oh! for Heaven's ſake, put me any where, ſo I don't dirty my Clothes.

*Biddy.* Put him into the Store-room, *Tag*, this Moment.

*Frib.* Is it a damp Place, Mrs. *Tag?* The Floor is boarded, I hope?

*Tag.* Indeed it is not, Sir.

*Frib.* What ſhall I do? I ſhall certainly catch my Death! Where's my Cambrick Handkerchief, and my Salts? I ſhall certainly have my Hyſtericks!

[*Runs in.*

*Biddy.* In, in, in ——— So now let the other come as ſoon as he will; I did not care if I had twenty of 'em, ſo they would but come one after another.

*Enter* Tag.

Was my Aunt coming?

*Tag.* No, 'twas Mr. *Flaſh*, I ſuppoſe by the Length of his Stride, and the Cock of his Hat. He'll be here this Minute.———What ſhall we do with him?

*Biddy.* I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try his Courage; be ſure you are ready to ſecond me—we ſhall have pure Sport.

*Tag.* Huſh! here he comes.

*Enter* Flaſh *ſinging.*

*Flaſh.* Well my Bloſſom, here am I! What Hopes for a poor Dog, eh? How! the Maid here! then I've loſt the Town, Dammee! Not a Shilling to bribe the Governor; ſhe'll ſpring a Mine, and I ſhall be blown to the Devil.

*Biddy.* Don't be aſham'd, Mr. *Flaſh*; I have told *Tag* the whole Affair, and ſhe's my Friend, I can aſſure you.

*Flaſh.* Is ſhe? then ſhe won't be mine I am certain. [*Aſide.*] Well, Mrs. *Tag*, you know, I ſuppoſe, what's to be done: This young Lady and I have

have contracted ourſelves; and ſo, if you pleaſe to ſtand Bride-Maid, why we'll fix the Wedding-day directly.

*Tag.* The Wedding-day, Sir?

*Flaſh.* The Wedding-day, Sir? Ay, Sir, the Wedding-day, Sir, what have you to ſay to that, Sir?

*Biddy.* My dear Captain *Flaſh*, don't make ſuch a Noiſe, you'll wake my Aunt.

*Flaſh.* And ſuppoſe I did, Child, what then?

*Biddy.* She'd be frighten'd out of her Wits.

*Flaſh.* At me, Miſs! frighten'd at me? *Tout au contraire*, I aſſure you; you miſtake the thing, Child; I have ſome reaſon to believe I am not quite ſo ſhocking. [*Affectedly.*

*Tag.* Indeed, Sir, you flatter yourſelf—But pray, Sir, what are your Pretenſions?

*Flaſh.* The Lady's Promiſes, my own Paſſion, and the beſt mounted Blade in the three Kingdoms. If any Man can produce a better Title, let him take her; if not, the D—l mince me, if I give up an Atom of her.

*Biddy.* He's in a fine Paſſion, if he would but hold it.

*Tag.* Pray, Sir, hear Reaſon a little.

*Flaſh.* I never do, Madam; it is not my Method of Proceeding; here is my Logick! [*Draws his Sword.*] Sa, Sa,—my beſt Argument is Cart over Arm, Madam, ha, ha, [*lunges.*] and if he anſwers that, Madam, through my ſmall Guts, my Breath, Blood and Miſtreſs are all at his Service——Nothing more, Madam.

*Biddy.* This 'll do, this 'll do.

*Tag.* But Sir, Sir, Sir?

*Flaſh.* But Madam, Madam, Madam: I profeſs Blood, Madam, I was bred up to it from a Child; I ſtudy the Book of Fate, and the Camp is my

my Univerſity; I have attended the Lectures of Prince *Charles* upon the *Rhine*, and *Bathiani* upon the *Po*, and have extracted Knowledge from the Mouth of a Cannon; I'm not to be frighten'd with Squibs, Madam, no, no.

*Biddy.* Pray dear Sir, don't mind her, but let me prevail with you to go away this Time—— Your Paſſion is very fine to be ſure, and when my Aunt and *Tag* are out of the way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again.

*Flaſh.* When you'd have me come again, Child? And ſuppoſe I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha? You pretend to be afraid of your Aunt; your Aunt knows what's what too well to refuſe a good Match when 'tis offer'd——— Lookee, Miſs, I'm a Man of Honour, Glory is my Aim, I have told you the Road I am in, and do you ſee here, Child, [*Shewing his Sword*] no Tricks upon Travellers.

*Biddy.* But pray, Sir, hear me.

*Flaſh.* No, no, no, I know the World, Madam: I am as well known at *Covent-Garden* as the Dail, Madam: I'll break a Lamp, bully a Conſtable, bam a Juſtice, or bilk a Box-keeper with any Man in the Liberties of *Weſtminſter*; What do you think of me now, Madam?

*Biddy.* Pray don't be ſo furious, Sir.

*Flaſh.* Come, come, come, few Words are beſt, ſomebody's happier than ſomebody, and I'm a poor ſilly Fellow; ha, ha,——That's all——Look you, Child, to be ſhort, (for I'm a Man of Reflection) I have but a *bagatelle* to ſay to you: I am in love with you up to Hell and Deſperation, may the Sky cruſh me if I am not——But ſince there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, *Biddy!* Proſperity to the happy Rival, Patience to poor *Flaſh*; but the firſt time we meet,——Gunpowder be my Per-

Perdition, but I'll have the Honour to cut a Throat with him. [*Going.*

*Biddy.* [*Stopping him.*] You may meet with him now if you pleaſe.

*Flaſh.* Now, may I!——Where is he? I'll ſacrifice the Villain. [*Aloud.*

*Tag.* Huſh! he's but in the next Room.

*Flaſh.* Is he? Ram me [*Low.*] into a Mortar-piece, but I'll have Vengeance; my Blood boils to be at him——Don't be frighten'd, Miſs?

*Biddy.* No, Sir, I never was better pleas'd, I aſſure you.

*Flaſh.* I ſhall ſoon do his Buſineſs.

*Biddy.* As ſoon as you pleaſe, take your own Time.

*Tag.* I'll fetch the Gentleman to you immediately. [*Going.*

*Flaſh.* [*Stopping her.*] Stay, ſtay, a little; what a Paſſion I am in!—Are you ſure he is in the next Room?—I ſhall certainly tear him to pieces—I would fain murder him like a Gentleman too—Beſides, this Family ſhan't be brought into Trouble upon my Account.—I have it——I'll watch for him in the Street, and mix his Blood with the Puddle of the next Kennel. [*Going.*

*Biddy.* [*Stopping him.*] No, pray, Mr. *Flaſh*, let me ſee the Battle, I ſhall be glad to ſee you fight for me, you ſhan't go, indeed. [*Holding him.*

*Tag.* [*Holding him.*] Oh, pray, let me ſee you fight; there were two Gentlemen *fit* Yeſterday, and my Miſtreſs was never ſo diverted in her Life—I'll fetch him out. [*Exit.*

*Biddy.* Do, ſtick him, ſtick him, Captain *Flaſh*; I ſhall love you the better for it.

*Flaſh.* D——n your Love, I wiſh I was out of the Houſe. [*Aſide.*

*Biddy.*

*Biddy.* Here he is——Now ſpeak ſome of your hard Words, and run him through——

*Flaſh.* Don't be in Fits now——[*Aſide to* Biddy.

*Biddy.* Never fear me.

*Enter* Tag *and* Fribble.

*Tag.* [*To* Fribble.] Take it on my Word, Sir, he is a Bully, and nothing elſe.

*Frib.* [*Frighten'd.*] I know you are my good Friend, but perhaps you don't know his Diſpoſition.

*Tag.* I am confident he is a Coward.

*Frib.* Is he? Nay, then I'm his Man.

*Flaſh.* I like his Looks, but I'll not venture too far at firſt.

*Tag.* Speak to him, Sir.

*Frib.* I will—I underſtand, Sir,—hem—that you—by Mrs. *Tag* here,—Sir,—who has inform'd me—hem—that you have ſent her, to inform me—Sir,—that you would be glad to ſpeak with me—Demmee— [*Turns off.*

*Flaſh.* I can ſpeak to you, Sir,—or to any Body, Sir—or I can let it alone and hold my Tongue,—if I ſee Occaſion, Sir, Dammee —— [*Turns off.*

*Biddy.* Well ſaid, Mr. *Flaſh*, be in a Paſſion.

*Tag.* [*To* Fribble.] Don't mind his Looks, he changes Colour already; to him, to him. [*Puſhes him.*

*Frib.* Don't hurry me, Mrs. *Tag.* for Heaven's ſake! I ſhall be out of Breath before I begin, if you do,—Sir,—[*To* Flaſh.] If you can't ſpeak to a Gentleman in another manner, Sir,—why then I'll venture to ſay, you had better hold your Tongue—Oons.

*Flaſh.* Sir, you and I are of different Opinions.

*Frib.*

*Frib.* You and your Opinion may go to the Devil—Take that. [*Turns off to* Tag.

*Tag.* Well ſaid, Sir, the Day's your own.

*Biddy.* What's the matter, Mr. *Flaſh?* Is all your Fury gone? Do you give me up?

*Frib.* I have done his Buſineſs. [*Struts about.*

*Flaſh.* Give you up, Madam! No, Madam; when I am determin'd in my Reſolutions I am always calm; 'tis our Way, Madam; and now I ſhall proceed to Buſineſs.—Sir, I beg to ſay a Word to you in private.

*Frib.* Keep your Diſtance, Fellow, and I'll anſwer you.——That Lady has confeſs'd a Paſſion for me, and as ſhe has delivered up her Heart into my keeping, nothing but my *'arts* Blood ſhall purchaſe it. Damnation!

*Tag.* Bravo! Bravo!

*Flaſh.* If thoſe are the Conditions, I'll give you Earneſt for it directly. [*Draws.*] Now, Villain, renounce all Right and Title this Minute, or the Torrent of my Rage will overflow my Reaſon, and I ſhall annihilate the Nothingneſs of your Soul and Body in an Inſtant.

*Frib.* I wiſh there was a Conſtable at hand to take us both up; we ſhall certainly do one another a Prejudice.

*Tag.* No, you won't indeed, Sir; pray bear up to him; if you wou'd but draw your Sword, and be in a Paſſion, he would run away directly.

*Frib.* Will he? [*Draws his Sword.*] Then I can no longer contain myſelf—Hell and the Furies! Come on, thou ſavage Brute.

*Tag.* Go on, Sir.

*Here they ſtand in fighting Poſtures, while* Biddy *and* Tag *puſh 'em forward.*

*Flaſh.* Come on.

*Biddy.* Go on.

*Frib.*

*Frib.* Come on, Raſcal.

*Tag.* Go on, Sir.

*Enter Captain* Loveit *and* Puff.

*Capt.* What's the matter, my Dear?

*Biddy.* If you won't fight here's one that will. Oh *Rhodophil*, theſe two Sparks are your Rivals, and have peſter'd me theſe two Months with their Addreſſes; they forced themſelves into the Houſe, and have been quarrelling about me, and diſturbing the Family; if they won't fight, pray kick 'em out of the Houſe.

*Capt.* What's the matter, Gentlemen?

[*They both keep their fencing Poſture.*

*Flaſh.* Don't part us, Sir.

*Frib.* No, pray Sir don't part us, we ſhall do you a Miſchief.

*Capt. Puff*, look to the other Gentleman, and call a Surgeon.

*Biddy* and *Tag.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Puff.* Bleſs me! how can you ſtand under your Wounds, Sir?

*Frib.* Am I hurt, Sir?

*Puff.* Hurt, Sir! why you have—let me ſee—pray ſtand in the Light—one, two, three, thro' the Heart; and let me ſee—hum—Eight thro' the ſmall Guts! Come, Sir, make it up the round Dozen, and then we'll part you.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Capt.* Come here, *Puff.*

[*Whiſpers and looks at* Flaſh.

*Puff.* 'Tis the very ſame, Sir.

*Capt.* [*To* Flaſh.] Pray, Sir, have I not had the Pleaſure of ſeeing you abroad?

*Flaſh.* I have ſerv'd abroad.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Had not you the Misfortune, Sir, to be miſſing at the laſt Engagement in *Flanders*.

*Flaſh.* I was found amongſt the Dead in the Field of Battle.

*Puff.* He was the firſt that fell, Sir; the Wind of a Cannon-ball ſtruck him flat upon his Face; he had juſt Strength enough to creep into a Ditch, and there he was found after the Battle in a moſt deplorable Condition.

*Capt.* Pray, Sir, what Advancement did you get by the Service of that Day?

*Flaſh.* My Wounds rendered me unfit for Service, and I ſold out.

*Puff.* Stole out, you mean.—We hunted him by Scent, to the Water-ſide, thence he took Shipping for *England*, and, taking the Advantage of my Maſter's Abſence, has attack'd the Citadel, which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive his Honour into the Ditch again.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Frib.* He, he, he!

*Capt.* And now, Sir, how have you dar'd to ſhew your Face again in open Day, or wear even the Outſide of a Profeſſion you have ſo much ſcandaliz'd by your Behaviour? I honour the Name of Soldier, and as a Party concerned am bound not to ſee it diſgrac'd. As you have forfeited your Title to Honour, deliver up your Sword this Inſtant.

*Flaſh.* Nay, good Captain——

*Capt.* No Words, Sir. [*Takes his Sword.*

*Frib.* He's a ſad Scoundrel; I wiſh I had kick'd him.

*Capt.* The next thing I command—leave this Houſe, change the Colour of your Clothes and Fierceneſs of your Looks, appear from Top to Toe the Wretch, the very Wrech thou art; if e're I meet thee in the military Dreſs again, or if you put on Looks that

that belye the native Baſeneſs of thy Heart, be it where it will, this ſhall be the Reward of thy Impudence and Diſobedience.

[*Kicks him, he runs off.*

*Biddy.* Oh, my dear *Rhodophil!*

*Frib.* What an infamous Raſcal it is! I thank you, Sir, for this Favour; but I muſt after, and cane him.

[*Going, is ſtopt by the* Captain.

*Capt.* One Word with you too, Sir.

*Frib.* With me, Sir?

*Capt.* You need not tremble, I ſhan't uſe you roughly.

*Frib.* I am certain of that, Sir; but I am ſadly troubled with weak Nerves.

*Capt.* Thou art of a Species too deſpicable for Correction; therefore be gone; and if I ſee you here again, your Inſignificancy ſhan't protect you.

*Frib.* I am obliged to you for your Kindneſs; well, if ever I have any thing to do with Intrigues again!— [*Exit.*

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Puff.* Shall I eaſe you of your Trophy, Sir?

*Capt.* Take it, *Puff*, as ſome ſmall Recompence for thy Fidelity, thou canſt better uſe it than its Owner.

*Puff.* I wiſh your Honour had a Patent to take ſuch Trifles from every pretty Gentleman that could ſpare 'em; I would ſet up the largeſt Cutler's Shop in the Kingdom.

*Capt.* Well ſaid, *Puff.*

*Biddy.* But pray, Mr. Fox, how did you get out of your Hole? I thought you was lock'd in?

*Capt.* I ſhot the Bolt back when I heard a Noiſe; and thinking you were in danger I broke my Confinement without any other Conſideration than your Safety.

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

*Sir Simon.* [*Without.*] *Biddy, Biddy,* Why *Tag, Tag.*

*Biddy.*

*Biddy.* There's the old Gentleman; run in, run in.
[*Exeunt* Captain *and* Puff. Tag *opens the Door.*

*Enter Sir* Simon *and* Jaſper.

*Sir Simon.* Where have you been, *Biddy? Jaſper* and I have knock'd and call'd as loud and as long as we were able: What were you doing, Child?

*Biddy.* I was reading Part of a Play to *Tag*, and we came as ſoon as we heard you.

*Sir Simon.* What Play, Moppet?

*Biddy.* The *Old Batchelor*; and we were juſt got to old *Nykyn* as you knock'd at the Door.

*Sir Simon.* I muſt have you burn your Plays and Romances now you are mine; they corrupt your Innocence; and what can you learn from 'em?

*Biddy.* What you can't teach me, I'm ſure.

*Sir Simon.* Fy, fy, Child; I never heard you talk at this rate before; I'm afraid, *Tag*, you put theſe Things into her Head.

*Tag.* I, Sir? I vow, Sir *Simon*, ſhe knows more than you can conceive; ſhe ſurprizes me, I aſſure you, ~~though~~ I have been married theſe two Years, and liv'd with Batchelors moſt Part of my Life.

*Sir Simon.* Do you hear, *Jaſper?* I'm all over in a Sweat.—Pray, Miſs, have not you had Company this Afternoon? I ſaw a young Fop go out of the Houſe as I was coming hither.

*Biddy.* You might have ſeen two, Sir *Simon*, if your Eyes had been good.

*Sir Simon.* Do you hear, *Jaſper?*—Sure the Child is poſſeſs'd—Pray, Miſs, what do they want here?

*Biddy.* Me, Sir; they wanted me.

*Sir Simon.* What did they want with you, I ſay?

*Biddy.* Why, what do you want with me?

*Sir Simon.* Do you hear, *Jaſper?*—I am thunder-ſtruck! I can't believe my own Ears!—Tell me the Reaſon, I ſay, why——

*Tag.* I'll tell you the Reaſon why, if you pleaſe, Sir *Simon.* Miſs, you know is a very ſilly young Girl, and having found out (Heav'n knows how!) that there is ſome little Difference between Sixty-five and twenty-five, ſhe's ridiculous enough to chooſe the latter; when if ſhe'd take my Advice——

*Sir Simon.* You are right, *Tag*, ſhe wou'd take me? Eh?

*Tag.* Yes, Sir, as the only way to have both; for if ſhe marries you, the other will follow of courſe.

*Sir Simon.* Do you hear, *Jaſper?*

*Biddy.* 'Tis very true, Sir *Simon*; from knowing no better, I have ſet my Heart upon a young Man, and a young one I'll have; there have been three here this Afternoon.

*Sir Simon.* Three, *Jaſper?*

*Biddy.* And they have been quarreling about me, and one has beat the other two. Now, Sir *Simon*, if you'll take up the Conqueror and kick him, as he has kick'd the others, you ſhall have me for your Reward, and my Fifteen thouſand Pounds into the Bargain. What ſays my Hero? Eh?

[*Slaps him on the Back.*

*Sir Simon.* The World's at an End——What's to be done, *Jaſper?*

*Jaſper.* Pack up and be gone; don't fight the Match, Sir.

*Sir Simon.* Fleſh and Blood can't bear it—I'm all over Agitation—Hugh, hugh!—am I cheated by a Baby, a Doll? Where's your Aunt, you young Cockatrice?—I'll let her know——ſhe's a baſe Woman, and you are——

*Biddy.* You are in a fine Humour to ſhew your Valour. *Tag*, fetch the Captain this Minute, while

Sir

Sir *Simon* is warm, and let him know he is waiting here to cut his Throat [*Exit Tag.*] I lock'd him up in my Bed-chamber till you came.

*Sir Simon.* Here's an Imp of Darkneſs! What would I give that my Son *Bob* was here to thraſh her Spark, while I —— raviſh'd the reſt of the Family.

*Jaſper.* I believe we had beſt retire, Sir.

*Sir Simon.* No, no, I muſt ſee her Bully firſt; and, do you hear, *Jaſper*, if I put him in a Paſſion do you knock him down.

*Jaſper.* Pray keep your Temper, Sir.

*Enter* Captain, Tag, *and* Puff.

*Capt.* [*Approaching angrily.*] What is the Meaning, Sir?——Ounds it is my Father, *Puff*; what ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

*Puff.* [*Drawing him by the Coat.*] Kneel again, Sir.

*Sir Simon.* I am enchanted! [*Starting.*

*Capt.* There is no Retreat, I muſt ſtand it!

*Biddy.* What's all this?

*Sir Simon.* Your humble Servant, Captain *Fire-Ball.*——You are welcome from the Wars, noble Captain. I did not think of being knock'd o'th' Head, or cut up alive by ſo fine a Gentleman.

*Capt.* I am under ſuch Confuſion, Sir, that I have not Power to convince you of my Innocence.

*Sir Simon.* Innocence! pretty Lamb! And ſo, Sir, you have left the Regiment, and the honourable Employment of fighting for your Country, to come home and cut your Father's Throat; why you'll be a great Man in time, *Bob!*

*Biddy.* His Father, *Tag!*

*Sir Simon.* Come, come, 'tis ſoon done——one Stroke does it——or if you have any Qualms, let your 'Squire there perform the Operation.

*Puff.* Pray, Sir, don't throw ſuch Temptations in my Way.

*Capt.* Hold your impudent Tongue!

*Sir Simon.* Why don't you ſpeak, Mr. *Modeſty*; what Excuſe have you for leaving the Army I ſay?

*Capt.* My Affection to this Lady.

*Sir Simon.* Your Affection, Puppy!

*Capt.* Our Love, Sir, has been long and mutual; what Accidents have happen'd ſince my going abroad, and her leaving the Country, and how I have moſt unaccountably met you here, I am a Stranger to; but whatever Appearances may be, I ſtill am, and ever was, your dutiful Son.

*Biddy.* He talks like an Angel, *Tag!*

*Sir Simon.* Dutiful, Sirrah! have not you rival'd your Father?

*Capt.* No, Sir, you have rival'd me; my Claim muſt be prior to yours.

*Biddy.* Indeed, Sir *Simon*, he can ſhew the beſt Title to me.

*Jaſper.* Sir, Sir, the young Gentleman ſpeaks well, and as the Fortune will not go out of the Family, I would adviſe you to drop your Reſentment, be reconcil'd to your Son, and relinquiſh the Lady.

*Sir Simon.* Ay, ay, with all my Heart——Look ye, Son, I give you the Girl, ſhe's too much for me, I confeſs;——And take my Word, *Bob*, you'll catch a Tartar.

*Biddy.* I aſſure you, Sir *Simon*, I'm not the Perſon you take me for; if I have us'd you any ways ill, 'twas for your Son's ſake, who had my Promiſe and Inclinations before you; and tho' I believe I ſhould have made you a moſt uncomfortable Wife, I'll be the beſt Daughter to you in the World; and if you ſtand in need of a Lady, my Aunt is diſengag'd, and is the beſt Nurſe——

*Sir*

*Sir Simon.* No, no, I thank you, Child; you have ſo turn'd my Stomach to Marriage, I have no Appetite left.——But where is this Aunt? Won't ſhe ſtop your Proceedings think you?

*Tag.* She's now at her Lawyer's, Sir, and if you pleaſe to go with the young Couple, and give your Approbation, I'll anſwer for my old Lady's Conſent.

*Biddy.* The Captain, and I, Sir———

*Sir Simon.* Come, come, *Bob*, you are but an Enſign, don't impoſe on the Girl neither.

*Capt.* I had the good Fortune, Sir, to pleaſe my Royal General by my Behaviour in a ſmall Action with the Enemy, and he gave me a Company.

*Sir Simon. Bob*, I wiſh you joy! This is News indeed! And when we celebrate your Wedding, Son, I'll drink a half Pint Bumper myſelf to your Benefactor.

*Capt.* And he deſerves it, Sir; ſuch a General, by his Example and Juſtice, animates us to Deeds of Glory, and inſures us Conqueſt.

*Sir Simon.* Right, my Boy——come along then. [*Going.*

*Puff.* Halt a little, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you pleaſe: Every Body here ſeems well ſatisfied but myſelf.

*Capt.* What's the matter *Puff?*

*Puff.* Sir, as I would make myſelf worthy of ſuch a Maſter, and the Name of a Soldier, I cannot put up the leaſt Injury to my Honour.

*Sir Simon.* Heyday! What Flouriſhes are theſe?

*Puff.* Here is the Man; come forth, Caitiff. [*To* Jaſper.] He hath confeſs'd this Day, that in my Abſence, he hath taken Freedoms with my lawful Wife, and had diſhonouable Intentions againſt my Bed; for which I demand Satisfaction.——

*Sir Simon.* [*Striking him*] What Stuff is here, the Fellow's Brain's turn'd.

*Puff.* And crack'd too, Sir; but you are my Maſter's Father, and I ſubmit.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Come, come, I'll ſettle your Punctilios, and will take Care of you and *Tag* hereafter, provided you drop all Animoſities, and ſhake Hands this Moment.

*Puff.* My Revenge gives way to my Intereſt, and I once again *Jaſper* take thee to my Boſom.

*Jaſper.* I'm your Friend again, *Puff*——but hark-ye——I fear you not; and if you'll lay aſide your Steel there, as far as a broken Head or a black Eye, I'm at your Service upon Demand.

*Tag.* You are very good at Crowing indeed, Mr. *Jaſper*; but let me tell you, the Fool that is Rogue enough to brag of a Woman's Favours muſt be a Dunghill every way—As for you, my dear Husband, ſhew your Manhood in a proper Place, and you need not fear theſe Sheep-biters.

*Sir Simon.* The *Abigail* is pleaſant I confeſs, he, he!

*Biddy.* I'm afraid the Town will be ill-natured enough to think I have been a little coquetiſh in my Behaviour; but, I hope, as I have been conſtant to the Captain, I ſhall be excus'd diverting myſelf with Pretenders.

Ladies, to Fops and Braggarts ne'er be kind,
No Charms can warm 'em, and no Virtues bind;
Each Lover's Merit by his Conduct prove,
Who fails in Honour, will be falſe in Love.

4 AP 54 [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

By the ſame Hand as the PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *PRITCHARD.*

*GOOD Folks, I'm come at my young Lady's bidding,*
*To ſay, You all are welcome to her Wedding.*
*Th' Exchange ſhe made what Mortal here can blame?*
*Shew me the Maid that would not do the ſame.*
*For ſure the greateſt Monſter ever ſeen,*
*Is doating* Sixty *coupled to* Sixteen!
*When wintry Age had almoſt caught the Fair,*
*Youth, clad in Sunſhine, ſnatch'd her from Deſpair:*
*Like a new* Semele *the Virgin lay,*
*And claſp'd her Lover in the Blaze of Day.*
*Thus may each Maid, the Toils almoſt intrapt-in,*
*Change* Old Sir Simon *for the* brisk young Captain.
*I love theſe Men of Arms, they know their Trade:*
*Let Daſtards ſue, the Sons of Fire invade!*
*They cannot bear around the Bait to nibble,*
*Like pretty, powder'd, patient Mr.* Fribble:
*To Dangers bred, and skilful in Command,*
*They ſtorm the ſtrongeſt Fortreſs, Sword in Hand!*
*Nights without Sleep, and Floods of Tears when waking,*
*Shew'd poor Miſs* Biddy *was in piteous taking:*
*She's now quite well; for Maids, in that Condition,*
*Find the young Lover is the beſt Phyſician;*

*And*

## EPILOGUE.

*And without Helps of Art, or Boaſt of Knowledge,*
*They cure more Women, faith, than all the College!*
*But to the Point—I come with low Petition,*
*For, faith, poor* Bayes *is in a ſad Condition;*
* The huge tall Hangman *ſtands to give the Blow,*
*And only waits your Pleaſures—Ay, or No.*
*If you ſhould*—Pit, Box, *and* Gallery, *egad!*
*Joy turns his Senſes, and the Man runs mad:*
*But if your Ears are ſhut, your Hearts are Rock,*
*And you pronounce the Sentence—Block to Block,*
*Down kneels the Bard, and leaves you when he's dead,*
*The empty Tribute of an Author's Head.*

* Alluding to *Bayes*'s Prologue in the *Rehearſal.*

4 AP 54

FINIS.